



♂ ♀ XXX POEMS
Rue AD



i

tell me
what you are
so afraid of
whispered voice
inside my head
flickering
like insects
drawn to flame
longing for
metamorphosis
would you please
stop it with
your squirming
no way out
from here alive
nowhere to hide
we haven't been
before your
disappearing act
is getting boring

i want you like this

powerless

bound up in complexes

need and deserve and other useless words

not the ones i would use your flailing tongue

spreading the infection succumbed

to ruptured skin unholy crimson

warm and tender as you wished

when we were young

and dumb as shit

before you clipped

our wings in fear

of what i might someday become

but that was stupid

we were born for this

entangled and corrupt a broken

halo worn for horns a gaping anus

where our mouth once was

i'm writing this
for the mentally unstable
sadomasochistic autistics
people with real problems
who like to say the word retarded
because they think it's funny
but it isn't really
when you think about it for example
i was in a special education program
once for unrelated reasons
every year we'd have a lock-in
until some kid took a piss
on all the other kids
myself included
we watched the world trade center fall
on the same TV we used to watch
faded old VHS recordings
of Matilda and Charlotte's Web
while our teacher shot up heroin
some day he said
you'll understand

my little sister's cock
is so much bigger than mine
it helps me keep perspective
though i guess it's all subjective
no one here holds an advantage
we're both so sick and damaged
and going straight to hell
in borrowed dresses
soaking wet wearing
made up excuses
just in case someday
they catch on
to our mingled scent
oh but they won't
ever find us out
this much is true
you know me very well
i wouldn't tell
and i know you

i don't need to be a perfect person
only enough to make you like me
spread myself across the page
the words arranged meticulously
for emotional effect
too precise to be convincing
falsely sold as voyeuristic
improvising sympathy
rerehearsing my confession
almost started to believe
i resembled something human
artificial heart upon my sleeve
wishing you would run your fingers
through the cracks in my facade
shining through the fraying edges
to reveal nothing beneath
an empty shell in need of sleep
shivering and losing distance
terrified of what might happen
should i even try
to speak

get back in there
faggot
c'mon now
use your teeth show me
some fucking
fight
we've given up
more than enough
and then some
please try and breathe
a bit easier now you see
these sweet precious moments
soon will be snuffed out
thank god finally some
release
coming undone
asleep or dead
a tiny cage
around your head
another cut
all tangled up
in angel guts

my parents gave me testosterone
i think when i was ten
afraid i might turn out effeminate
or maybe i was just molested
like every other kid
and they tried to keep it secret
no one ever said what happened
when he babysat and got me wasted
only i woke up feeling different
and can't ask because he's dead
but what he kept hid in his closet
would explain a lot of shit
the eulogy and the closed casket
everybody said it was some kind of accident
suicide is widely frowned upon by catholics

i'll be okay i promise
i'm not as fucked up as you'd think
i'm faking DID for attention
i don't have any symptoms of mental illness
i've been cutting myself again
isn't that sad
seven thousand views on tiktok
one of my alters speaks fluent french
in a corny new york accent
another wants to fuck cis men
really really really really bad
so now they're blowing up my grindr DMs
discussing the logistics
of double penetration
and the bathroom at my work
before we open
or else shooting it in public
this one says he's got a couple friends
into forced feminization
and castration to be honest
i think i'm probably gonna block him
but not before i get it

a little tenderness
lips and whips
stinging roughly
just the same
am i a good girl
for you daddy
am i pretty
do i make you proud
biting down hard
through pain
a bluish hue
framing the beating
volume increasing
when suddenly
we pause
an awkward pose
as camera flash
kisses me soft
where cherry red
bruises still glow
another souvenir
for me tomorrow

x

i'm starting a support group for ufo survivors
kids who've been lifted up and probed
blinding chambers made of chrome
paralyzed and cold a thousand eyes
and long gray fingers down my throat
but now i never feel alone

at least

late night down
one more starlit country road
a bright blue flash on the horizon
maybe just a thunderstorm or something
i don't know
what they were looking for
inside of me perhaps a cure
for some disease or deeper
understanding of our chemistry
i hope i was of use
to them
and all those precious fluids
siphoned out from me
were not for nothing
i want to believe

let's stop playing pretend
just because we're related
it's not codependence
or abuse with consent
i'm actually like this
pathetic and desperate
a fly trapped in amber
reflection of selfishness
enduring beyond flesh
since we can't get
each other pregnant
though god only knows
we tried our best
to justify these ends
through the lens of semiotics
or freudian psychoanalysis
the occasional amateur therapist
as if anyone could understand
like it needs to make any sense
why our lips were meant to kiss

christlike radical acceptance
holding space for contradictions
the trick it seems is patience
and asking for it splayed against
the metaphor at hand
nails through my wrists
a sidelong gash strung out in bliss
rejoicing and subconscious
no language to express imperfect
words washed out with red
beneath a warm blanket of urine
mistaken for a nihilist
not meaningless
merely meant

i could be so much
bigger than you
experience exchanged
long forgotten
mechanisms lost
to the temperamental
terrified of what
wasted potential
i might someday regret
embracing fear
testing restraint
come trembling

sister tastes like stale black coffee
dried blood and menthol crushes
tells me all these morbid stories
waiting for the storm to pass
drinking whiskey out the bottle
swiped from daddy's liquor cabinet
taking shelter in a pulpit
finding warmth against her chest
wondering what happens next
once they finally find the body
sleeping in shifts driving out west
until we make it to the ocean
hide away along the shore
and play pretend til we get married
just a stupid dream i had
turned away and mumbled sorry
don't apologize she said
you're my problem now
something delicate

penelope is reading me porpentine
beneath a tree while i'm peaking
off three grams if i remember this correctly
pressed along the path etched in the earth
lined with wayward geometrics jellyfish skin
fractals pressed against a perfect blue screen
realizing what the fuck have i been doing
spoiling myself in rotten academic bullshit ignored
obvious erotics for high scores and forced pretense
so stubbornly obsessed with making appearances
and yet i haven't asked my daughter
that question of body politic
not so much an age gap as autismnal
too fond of fawning or afraid i could be wrong
at least i long to be taken apart or else restrained
and maybe learn to hold my tongue

you thought about quitting drinking
until you got harassed last night
waiting for the bus to come
some asshole asked are you a guy
what the fuck are you supposed to say
you tried to slipped away
and felt kind of weird because
it wasn't quite untrue
but not always besides
what difference does it make
it doesn't stop him following
like in those dreams
you're being cruised
strangers with piercing eyes
down darkened alleyways
the problem inherent
with your desire
is it doesn't work
if you have to try
or put up a fight

but i could never kill myself
she's already dead
 a corpse possessed
attending countless dress rehearsals
in eternal understudy
just a bit too deep into
 new age spirituality
tarot cards and lighted candles
 some appropriated symbols
incantations i regret she said
you don't need to be religious
 to see patterns or hear voices
 just a bit fucked in the head
or maybe you're hollow on the inside like me
 overbored and boring tiny holes
 into your skull
letting whatever worm inside

i'm not depressed i just
think i'm too poor to afford
to transition any more
than i already have
skinny jeans and flannels stolen
from my faggy brother's closet
threadbare panties with holes in them
dried out palettes of my former girlfriends
who would do me up in drag
as a gag way back when i was safe
enough to experiment with
more of a feminine man
sweet but normative enough
to pass as someone else's husband
when i didn't have to pay the rent
in exchange for compulsory sex
some days i wish i never quit

i didn't ask for any of this
i don't want to be addicted
to alcohol and stimulants
i can't afford porn or psychedelics
or another hospitalization
i'm already borderline schizophrenic
i'm on thin ice at work as is
it can't be good for me to cry again
to a playlist i made for my ex
high on weed and DXM
some of her old high school favorites
you know that type of shit
crystal castles yeah yeah yeahs car seat headrest
they don't make those same kind of cigarettes
we used to cross arms
like those fags on the cover
were glasses of wine
burning ourselves in the process
makes me think about some ancient
stupid parasocial bullshit
i would rather just forget

carelessly we strayed from heaven
but daddy shows me true forgiveness
made to kneel on broken glass
bound together at the wrists
with pain as my guide back
praying rosary while gagged
drooling through intimate litanies
our father hail mary glory be
sanctifying obsolescent memory
of frankincense and hymnal chants
ugly stains and marbled artifice
testaments crassly blasphemed
unknown tongues desecrating
god's only sacred gift of flesh
severing it from the spirit
transfigured bliss to bitter ash

they cut your dick wide open
after everything you did but there's no sense
in splitting it again apparently
you hadn't learned your lesson
all fixed up with safety pins
sutures from a leather kit and rubber cement
until scar tissue formed around the edges
with a little help from your friends
i couldn't recognize any of them
they looked just like regular metalheads
must've drugged me between the drinks
nothingness and then we fade in
restrained by the wrists my jaw is sore
i'd only seen your mug shot before
but you looked just as pissed
as the night you got arrested
in a picture on the table by your bed
your wife and kids with stupid grins
blissful and oblivious
of the victim playing possum
in your sheets reeking of pee
waiting to gnaw my way through something

exchanging cash for magic spells
an image marked what's to be
meticulously wiping clean
before pushing the needle through
inhaling slowly underneath obscene light
inward then out the prick revealed
lay still until veneer wrapped tight
around your steel soft latex hands
work with intent until the ends
at last are fully screwed
the wound laid bare as if it were
always a part of you

fucking bite me harder bitch
 she said and so i did
 making her cry out sweet metallic
 maybe i lost myself a bit
 my daughter's soft pierced clit
 dancing on her lips
 before she grabbed me by the hair
 and said get down there idiot
 don't just stare
 turned on by malice
 smothered in muff
 the taste of brackish
 arching back so she can
 better fuck a throat
 drinking deep from
 her cunt overflowing

it's so fucking cute
how easy it is to
manipulate you
like some satanic cult
in a comic book
i simply think
you look much better
on your knees
on a leash
wearing my scent
covered in piss
and begging
you know
i have this theory
pet play is so in vogue these days
because it's relatively cheap
a couple bucks for a bowl
a free dog bed with purchase
of any four foot cage
cover it in musky blankets
not that bad a price to pay
to make you stay

what an ironic name
nothing about this jacket is straight
the pink is fucking killing me
laughing like crazy because
you really put me in my place
wrapped stiff and snug
cuffed at the ankles
wriggling like a little bug
every time you tickle
at the soles of my feet
a big rubber ball squeaks
between now useless teeth
can't quite giggle or scream
i wanted so bad to be still
awash in soft pastels beneath the hood
nothing but body heat and fabric rustling
locks clicking into place a door is shut
nothing to do but wait
i have no choice
you have my faith

could we even call it rape if i gave you my consent
if we negotiated the events and the dosage
time and place in the abstract
by any other name i'm violated
but i need it in the worst way sinful and unclean
hoping that you feel dirty too cutting up my stockings
while i'm tied up and restrained
a perilous edge glancing delicate flesh
a couple well place inches could easily kill me
avoiding the femoral the carotid the coronary oh
you know exactly where to cut so blood will pool
a bit but not too much
enough to lap up
with sandpaper tongue under the knife
makes me another hole your
fingers brusquely splitting me apart say please
nitrile pressed against a broken heart beat
fluttering helpless like prey
caught in headlights waiting to die but still
i know where i am going to sleep tonight

do you think i give a shit
if anyone can hear us
it's only incest there i said it
blood related kissing sisters
awful close so very precious
no one else would understand
our special connection
what it actually feels like
fraying nerves and butterflies
every time we're holding hands
or begin to lock our eyes and swoon
hoping no one else will notice
when i crawl into your sheets
because you got too scared to sleep
slowly rocking back and forth
and getting hard between your legs
apple shampoo and perfect skin
you know they've been talking about us
i heard every word they said
silly little jokes purely innocent
whenever you feel ready
we can tell them

decisiveness
in severance
fresh blood
from an IV drip
barely lucid
wearing my intestines
like ribbons in her hair
face painted red
with me laughing she said
you look so fucking stupid
running her tongue
along the vivisection
pulling back my ribs
one by one like wings
on a moth a lavish spread
jacking off her tiny dick until
cum spurts between
my lungs and stomach
before i lose consciousness
no coming back from this unaltered
might need stitches

words could be
the death of us
they're loaded
better off unspoken
maybe it's for the best
if we just keep
these mouths busy
instead of indulging
in the obvious
clichés and platitudes
let us show
each other
in the way
we speak
with ease
holding our bodies
so the holes can meet
our saying less
says everything

xxx

broke up with my sister again
after an awkward conversation
but i had to set a boundary
i wanted it so badly
to mean something
a deeper connection
instead of an obsession
or senseless jealousy
passive aggressive remarks
made between bitter glances
and convenient accidents
i sincerely pray she never
finds these words
but i couldn't stop her
even if i tried
like that one time
she picked open the lock
and read my diary
all these desires
i once thought
would stay
a secret

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE.



EDITED BY NATALIE TAUTOU // MOMMYSWOMB.ITCH.IO